## CHILDREN AT THE MUSEUM.

QUEER THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT THE SPECIMENS.

Corlegity of the Girls and Desire for Infermation of the Boys—Scarch for an Ice Worm—Bloodthirstiness of Childhood —Some Common Errors—The Reindeer.

An innovation in instruction was started at the American Museum of Natural History at Seventy-seventh street and [Central Park West at the first of the year. Ever since then Mrs. Agnes Roesler has been on and to guide children through the estabishment and explain the exhibits to them.

The youngsters keep her guessing as to the next riddle they will propound to her. Recently, when she was taking a class, of young women from a fashionable boarding school through the building, one of them who were eyegiasses and had a certain air of superiority in her manner and voice ooked her full in the face and said:

"Before we go, we would like to see the celebrated ice worm."

"The ice worm?" Mrs. Roesler repeated the words while she ransacked the compartments of her brain to discover what the girl might possibly mean. The search being in vain, she said timidly:

"I don't think I really understand-the ice worm! Of course, if there is an ice worm we would have it here, but I never heard of an ice worm."

There was a look of patient surprise on the faces of the class. Little bits of information concerning the ice worm were loftily vouchsafed her. She discovered that among other interesting habits it lived

"OH, MAMMA, THERE'S PAPA."

only at a temperature of 40 degrees below

Would you mind telling me where you

Then it turned out to be an invention of

yellow journalism which the young women had unhesitatingly swallowed. But Mrs.

Roesler's prestige was gone for the day. Curiosity in the feminine sex and thirst

for information in the masculine conspire to keep Mrs. Roesler busy. Not only does she take stray children whom she finds wandering about the museum in hand and give them interesting bits of information about the exhibits, but she arranges to guide

parties of children from public and private

There is no doubt, according to her observations, that the boy is more intelligent

in his questions and more alive to the prin-

ciples of construction than the girl, who

manifests an interest in the completed

effect, rather than in the processes that lead to it. One day, she relates, there was a

nixed class of boys and girls standing

before the group of flamingoes, which is

one of the most beautiful and interesting of

the new bird groups. Finally she came to

the description of the life of the birds in

captivity and told how the wonderful flame

tints of their feathers become dulled in

captivity and are revived by a process

used. The girls were equally interested

but their questions took a different turn.

One of them acted as spokeswoman and

asked if there was any kind of dye Mrs.

Roesler knew of that they could take to

change the color of their hair.

Instantly the boys asked the kind of dye

of putting a harmless dye in their food.

schools in New York and other cities.

zero. Finally, in desperation, she said:

heard of the iceworm?"



MRS. ROESLER PERSONALLY CONDUCTING A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

One small girl was quite caget to see an archeopterix, a word that her little lips stumbled over," Mrs. Roesler went on. "She told me that her father said it was a beast with a bill and came to their house the first of every month, but she was never on hand to see it. She was visibly disappointed to learn we had none in our collec-

"Another little girl spick and span as

new grass pink had interest in only one

subject—the sponge. Judging from her cleanly appearance, for she fairly shone,

she had been told stories concerning this

"She went by everything else in the

museum without displaying a bit of en-

thusiasm, and when she saw some she was

in ecstasies. I told her a lot about them,

and went on to the sea anemones, and in

those, as a connection of the sponges, she

"I did not think of the incident again

until one day I was walking along and

felt a tug at my gown. There was the little

girl at my side, and to my surprise she

remembered all I had told her of the sponges

and the sea anemones and wanted to see

object while she was in her bath.

was also interested.

them again. Rather a peculiar object of interest for a child 4 years old, when you come to think of it!" In the Peace Congress recently it was

suggested that the principles of peace be taught the children. Mrs. Roesler was intensely amused at the idea. "Children are bloodthirsty," she said, and recalled the story of the small boy found weeping at the side of the picture depicting Daniel in the lion's den. Pitying

his tender heartedness, they try to soothe him, when he blurt out: "The little lion in the corner ain't goin'

to get any Daniel!"

That is a state of mind that I am running up against constantly," she went on. "I discovered recently an abnormal amount of interest displayed by a class of boys whom I was conducting about the musuem and who could not be torn away from the group of pelicans, where there are a num-ber of maternal birds with wide open bills down which the heads of the little ones are thrust to get their food from the pouch be-

"I discovered after a minute from their

children with me one day and they were immensely interested in the dinesaur. They clasped each other's hands tightly as children usually do when they come

across some monster.

"Finally one of them said: "Say, missus. how does he get his food down?" "Before I could answer and explain and the difference between a skeleton and an animal the voice of another broke the

"'Huh! don' yer see his point?" pointing to the iron pipe on which the skeleton is strung to keep it in place. "I just let it go at that, thinking !what's

"I had a number of East Siders here one

day and they were very salert and eager with their questions and the information they gave me. Finally the spokesman of the party seemed to be getting a little restless; and finally blurted out: Say, miss, we ain't got much longer to stay, ac perhaps you'd better show us them doimoinds now.' "I led them to the gem collection, and

there they gloated the remainder of the



time with their faces against the glass and when I finally allayed their suspicions and told them that the stones were res their delight knew no bounds. Some little Russian girls who were looking at the same

land, and while they looked the tears actually came to their eyes.
"In Fossil Hall, in front of one of the horses, beautifully mounted and posed, one of the boy parties stood motionless and I was congratulating myself, as I always do, on being about to hear some sting question or remark. One of

them, whose head was bandaged up, turned to me and said soulfully, 'Aint he got bully teeth, mim!' If you recall the teeth of a skeleton horse, you may appreciate the "I never take the children to the monkey cage unless I am asked to, for if they once get there the probability is that I cannot tear them away. Crowley is there and

his history is always interesting to them and Consul is soon to be added to the collection. One of the attendants in the museum tells of hearing a little child say to her mother one day as they approached the cage where a number of gorillas are exhibited, 'O mamma, there's papa!' "About Christmas time the children

are interested in the reindeer, as they connect Santa Claus with them, but notwithstanding the many legends of the stork

standing the many legends of the stork the children never either ask for it or show any special interest when they come across it. The kindergarten training and the interest it excites are shown in the way the little ones ask about the baskets, a large collection showing the work of different nations being the property of the museum. They will stand for a long time before these baskets and display a lot of information as to their make, shape, colors, &c."



conversation that they thought the mother bit off their heads and the fascination of the idea appealed to them so that they could not tear themselves away. They gloat over the case of mummies, whom they call the deaders. Bones appeal to them tre-

"In the little children I find it almost impossible to make clear the distinction between a skeleton and the complete animal. They think that when they were alive these skeletons roamed the earth just as they are displayed in the museum, without muscles or skin.

"There was a little group of East Side



"HE ET T'ROUGH DE POIPE. SEEP"

## ART OF VIOLIN MAKING.

A GREAT DIAMOND INTEREST.

Old Master's Cherished Good Wood as if It Were Gold.

The old masters of violin making used such care in the selection of the woods for their instruments that, having found a piece of proper fibre and vibrational powers, they treasured every fragment, no matter now small. Rather than waste even a particle of such a strip, says a writer in the Circle, they frequently constructed the backs and bellies of patches so delicately put together than the seams were discoverable only by microscope.

It was ever the aim of the old masters to "marry" the back of hard sycamore, which produces the quick vibrations, and the celly of soft wood, producing the slower sound waves, in such a manner as to give the mellow but reedy timbre of the perfect instrument. Anafomically, a violin made by an old master is a miracle of construc-tion—it can be taken to pieces, patched, almost indestructible. Repairing has been the means of expos-

ing many clever forgeries. The inside of a violin made by Stradivari, Guarnerius, or other old master is as perfectly finished inside as outside, and the clumsy interior work of a forgery betrays an imitation at

The throwing of the scroll or head of a violin betrays the master's style the same as handwriting. To an amateur all violin heads may appear the same, but the connoisseur knows a "Strad," Amati, or Guarnerius from the physiognomy of the scroll.

The woods most favored by the old masters for violin construction were pine, pear, lemon, ash, maple and sycamore, and by some of the later men apple was used. Boxwood was universally employed for bridges Haweis says: "A perfectly barmonious marriage is as rare between violins and their bridges as it is between men and women."

between men and women."

He deplores the heartless substitution

put together, repaired indefinitely, and is of new bridges for old ones and insists that a new bridge will never mate perfectly with an old violin; and rather than resort to substitution he advises patching and repairing the old one as long as it can be

repairing the old one as long as it can be made to last.

The best strings are of Italian make and are from the intestines of spring lambs killed in September. The process of drying and bleaching of the woods and strings by the hot Italian sun, rather than by the artificial method used in other countries. artificial method used in other countries, accounts in a great measure for the superior quality of both materials. This intense heat of the southern summers was also the reason for the slow distillation of the Italian oils. These always remained at a high temperature and the varnish slowly soaking into the woods of the violins produced, in part, the mellowness of tone that gives to a Cremona instrument its value after a lapse of two hundred or more years.

The Cremona varnish disappeared about 1460, and so far the recipe has not been rediscovered. Whether it was a gum or an oil or a distillation from some plant or a

discovered. Whether it was a gum or an oil or a distillation from some plant or a obemical is not known, nor how it was mixed.

Many theories regarding it have been

advanced from time to time, and Dod, wh advanced from time to time, and Dod, who died in 1830, claimed to have rediscovered it. He employed others to make his violins but always varnished them himself. His varnish is very superior and his violins command high prices.

The varnishing and polishing of a violin are done usually by a woman. The finest instruments are gone over as often as thirty times.

## Forgotten Hotel Keys.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I suppose," said a guest, " a good many orgetful people go off with hotel keys?" "This will show you," said the clerk.

And he took from a drawer the following

"The manager of the Blank Hotel acknowl-

"The manager of the Blank Hotel acknowledges with thanks the return of key No. —, which Mr. M—— by oversight carried away on departure."

So many keys, the young man explained, were mailed back by forgetful guests that it had been deemed advisable, as a time saving device, to have a key acknowledgment printed.

## MISS LEARY'S "UNIVERSITY."

HER ITALIAN SCHOOL YET IN FORMATIVE STATE,

But She Has Great Hopes for Its Future -Te Be Largely Devoted to Religious Instruction, as Are All Her Charities -The Countess and Her Social Aims.

cards for a musicale or a series of teas in May and this habit of doing absolutely nothing after April ends would be broken

Veered around to the subject of he

CURE FOR LOVE.

Modern Chemistry.

The gray haired, spectacled young physi-ological chemist completed a queer stunt he had been doing on a fragment of mush-

room with anhydrous and alcohol free ether in a Soxhlet extractor, sighed with

relief, lighted a big German porcelain pipe,

perched himself on a desk in the deserted

ecture room and spoke.

"Golly!"—a ruminative puff-puffing—"I never thought that I and my test tubes

and precipitates and other stuff would

ever be called in to help cure cases of love-

sickness. Yes, sir; hearts broken by ma-

licious shots of Cupid have been mended

"Funny rôle for science, eh? But why

not? If science is to be worth anything

of the combination of a score of drug stores with the bottles unstopped. His big, owl-

like eyes, immensely magnified by the

"Oh, yes, the story! Quite a simple one, yet odd—and very modern, my boy. You know I make analyses here of all manner

of things for people who have the price. Last week I was visited by a physician

who conducts a high class sanitarium not

far from New York. Place for women,

"The physician wanted to as certain why

was far better off. But the trouble was that she did not think so. The other was

a girl disappointed because some young flirt of a boy had married another. Common

"I found that the failure to assimilate

nutriment was due to the fact that there had been no flow of hydrochloric acid

in the alimentary tract of either of the pa-

tients. The physician said that they were

moping and pining themselves to death, literally wasting away. Medicine was useless, it seemed; food they did not digest; they were dying, as the old phrase runs.

"And just why? For this reason-mark

t well—their mental state was accountable

for what is called inhibition of certain glan-

dular actions controlling the flow of hy-

drochlorie acid. Pyschloal influences, in

other words, ruled their bodily functions

and this is a principle that to-day is becom-

ing widely recognized and assumes more

and more importance in the treatment of

"For instance, suppose you are a business

man worried by some matter or other, and

you rush out to your lunch, anxious only

to eat and get back to your desk. Your

preoccupation and worry inhibits, that is

to say actually prevents, the flow of certain

necessary gastrio juices needed to digest

"Therefore you don't digest it, hence

trouble of a greater or lesser degree; progressive trouble, too, if you don't change

your ways and eat only when you are

that difficult quest: the search for happiness!

much.' He did so. Result: the heart-

malnutrition was essed; consequently three was less morbidity, less gloom; this petterment of physical condition removed

hat great specific. Time aided the good cause, and in due course of events the

neartbroken, lovesick patients recovered tone and went out again into the world.

"Do you know I feel rather proud of that

job? But I wonder, I wonder what the

young women would say if they knew! Have I sullied the romance of love? Well,

say no; love, like all other things human, will be the better for the light of truthand that light shines from the workshops

The big eyes glared with portentous

solemnity through the spectacles and through the gray tobacco smoke in the dingy lecture room. Puff-puff went the physological chemist.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.

Stone That a St. Louis Man Says Foretells

the Weather. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

nd although his German neighbors told him that the stone would not work in America-he finds that it operates about as well in

of science, my boy. Yes!"

of broken hearts.

cases of malnutrition.

what you eat.

Puff-puff-puff-f-fl

you know; for wealthy neurasthenics.

I inquired into their history.

at the reporter.

"Well, but the story?"

by me, or rather through my advice.

For a week or more the Italian populauniversity the Countess deprecated the idea that in its present status it represented anything more than a nucleus for what some day would undoubtedly be an impressive institution of learning. tion in the neighborhood of Charlton street has been mildly excited over the news that on or about May 1 "The Italian University and Pope Pius X. Art Institute, founded by the Countess Anne Leary," would open its doors. The title is taken from a bronze tablet which decorates the front of a two story brick and maneard roof building in Charlton street.

pressive institution of learning.

"For the next two months instruction will be given in little else than the arts and industries and in Christian doctrine, for which a special instructor has been engaged.

Every department, though, will have a succial instructor. One of the Columbia University professors will teach drawing and clay modelling. a specialist will look after the music and there will be a capable man over the carpentry class. The girls will be taught lace finiting and embroidery by Italian sisters of the Sacred Heart, experts in this line of work. The institute is not coeducational. The boys' and the girls' classes meet at different hours." The news was first given out in the Sunday schools connected with St. Anthony's Church in Sullivan street and the Church of Our Lady of Pompeli in Bleecker street, which two parishes include about 40,000 of the half million Italians in New York. At the same time an invitation was given

to boys and girls over 14 years of age to join any of the art or industrial classes connected with the institute. Little or nothing was said about the academic or-scientific course. This, it seems, will not be obnaidered before the autumn. Broken Hearts Blade Whole Assin

The tablet was put up more than a year ago. Since then curious persons stopping to read the inscription have marvelled at the untenanted appearance of the grem ises, and residents of the neighborhood have continued to inquire when the place would be opened. The headquarters of the institute include the house bearing the tablet and a similar house next door but one to it, where the art classes will be held. Both houses have been for many months in the hands of workmen, on whose shoulders was laid most of the blame for

the delay in opening the university.

Ask any Italian in that quarter what
the university stands for and he can't
answer further than to state with pride that it is only for Italians. Others better informed explain that its object is to give free instruction to the talented Italian immigrant anxious to get a higher educa-tion and to develop the artistic instincts of is race. Eventually some enthusiasts believe "The Italian University" will rank with other universities of the land. At present only one floor in the building, consisting of two large rooms, is available for classrooms. The first floor is taken up with a chapel which is to be blessed by the Archbishop, and an adjoining recep-tion room. This is always spoken of as Miss Leary's floor. The top floor is used for servants' quarters.

Eventually the intervening house will

probably be added to the university's equip-ment and it is not unlikely that one day a substantial building may stand on the site of the three small bouses.

It is believed that from the start the Art

Institute, which, by the way will be re-ohristened the Columbia Art Institute, will not lack enthusiastic pupils for the reason that it will include also classes in various industries not exactly related to art. The Art Institute will have evening classes for boys, afternoon classes for girls.

The Italian University is a development

of the work begun eighteen years ago by Miss Leary in behalf of the Italian immi-grants of the lower West Side. At that time she started a mission for small children in Sullivan street, a mission which she still conducts and finances in a basement of the Bleecker street Italian church. Here Italian missionary sisters of the Sacred Heart under Miss Leary's supervision teach their young charges singing, sewing, the catechism and prepare them for their first communion. In celebration of that event they get a fine breakfast and a present of a prayer book, rosary beads and a sacred picture. At Christmas there is a tree and Miss Leary distributes hundreds of gifts among the pupils and their mothers.

But from a kindergarten to a university is a big jump. It is not unnatural, therefore, that some curiosity has been expressed as to the personality of a woman who is willing to finance a university for the benefit of an alien people.

As most New Yorkers know, Miss Leary is a devoted Roman Catholic and few women have attracted so much attention in church circles. This is due not only to the enormous outlay of money represented by her benevolences, but to her personal ardor in propagating the Catholic faith. In the many charitable enterprises started and maintained by Miss Leary, in every enterprise, in fact, in which she has a controlling vote, the religious feature invariably is put first. Her title of Countess came from the

Her title of Countess came from the Vatican about three years ago, accompanied by an autograph letter from the Pope.

Miss Leary's religious ardor has never interfered with her liking for society. Something like a quarter of a century ago Miss Leary and her two brothers were among the pioneers who did much to promote the social life of Newport. Miss Leary's afternoon musicales became famous for the reason that professionals of more or less excellence were sure to be heard at them. There were fewer palaces in Newport in those days, and the social pace was less rapid, so that afternoon receptions with music had a more honorable place in the entertainment schedule than they now have.

Newport grew fast, big houses multiplied, new people with big fortunes kept on coming, the social entertainments grew bigger and more numerous and more extravagant, and afternoon receptions were with few exceptions dropped from the social schedule. One of the exceptions was Miss Leary's days at home in town and out of town. Miss Leary's Tuesdays still continue to attract many.

Leary's days at home in town and out of town. Miss Leary's Tuesdays still continue to attract many

After Arthur Leary's death there were predictions that Miss Leary would withdraw from society. Nothing of the kind happened. During her period of mourning she gave her almost undivided attention to the erection of a handsome Catholic chapel as a memorial to her brother in the grounds of Bellevue Hospital. This chapel she maintains at her own expense. All the garments made by Miss Leary's Lenten sewing class go to Bellevue Hospital for the benefit of poor patients.

Emerging from her period of mourning Miss Leary resumed her social activities in New York and in Newport on a larger scale than before, at the same time planning more busily then ever charitable projects for the advancement of her religion. Many of her old friends of downtown long ago moved to the region east of Central Park, but Miss Leary continued faithful to lower Fifth avenue until two years ago, when she purchased a newly built residence almost opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art and had the interior rebuilt with an eye to entertaining purposes.

Instead of getting tired of society the Countess enjoys it more than ever.

There is no mistaking Mise Leary for any

Instead of getting tired of society the Countess enjoys it more than ever.

There is no mistaking Miss Leary for any one else. Her dress is distinctive. She wears velvet or satin—black velvet opening over white satin or white satin combined with white lace, and always a high coffure decoration of white ribbon.

At one of her recent afternoons, instead of responding to the cue to talk about the opening of her Italian university, the Countess preferred to talk about the feasibility of adding a spring season to New York's social schedule. She finds New York charming in the spring and deplores the exodus of society so early in the year.

"They have a spring season in London," said she. "It is just getting under way now and will last well into June, with the opera in full swing and amusements of allisorts besides.

"Why cannot we have a spring season hare? Of course it could not be so prolissouri as it did in the old country.

He says there is a mine of it in Saxony and somewhere in Russia; and that in parts of both countries near to the mines many country people provide themselves with lumps of the stone for use as family harometers. It is composed of limestone, almost as soft as chalk, with nitre, clay and rock salt.

When the air is dry the stone is a light gray. with white spots of salt and nitre, but when the air is filled with moisture and a storm The principle is recognized in the manufac-ture of one or two patent fancy barometers, but whether the inventors took the hint from the stone cannot be ascertaiced. THEY DRINK TURKISH COFFER

longed, or include perhaps the same features as the London season; but I see no reason why the month of May in New York need be so dull that one is bored to death. The weather then is generally charming and there are plenty of people in town, and there would be more if we had something going on. Many persons I know sail for the other side simply because there is comething doing in London and Paris.

"Let a few well known hostesses send out cards for a musicale or a series of teas in TEA IN SECOND PLACE IN THE STUDIOS AT 5 O'CLOCK.

Change in Fashion Helps Business in the Syrian Quarter, Because to Serve Turks ish Coffee Property You Must Have a

Turkish coffee is served now instead of sa in the studios where men and women meet every day at 5 for a chat and rest. The samovar is there, with its regiment of teacups, but the girl who presides at the tea table has scarcely a thing to do, while over in the coffee circle the jesveh is kept constantly on the fire.

"And why," somebody asks, "do-we prefer

One man explained it along the fines of Scotch and rye. 'I can drink Scotch day after day for just so long and then here comes a time when I have to stop or change to rye. I change, of course. Then after a while I go back to Scotch. It's just the same with tea and coffee. At present we are devoted to coffee, to real Oriental coffee. So we all have to learn how to make it."

Tea making is a feminine acc ment. Coffee making is one to which men take kindly, as is shown by the number who are spending hours in out of the way Syrian abops hunting up genuine Turkish takums. The takum is the Turkish coffee outfit and you must provide yourself with one if you are going to serve colles in the Oriental style. A saucepan and a gas jet

The Turkish people chose their queer little coffee sups with the wisdom that comes from experience. They are tiny affairs and hold so small a quantity of strong coffee that the visitor who has a count of collections. round of calls to make in one afternoon can drink coffee at each stop without danger to his digestive organs. In Turkey the coffee is served when the time has arrived for the guest to depart. The welcoming dish is one of preserved rose or orange flower petals. But the preserves are dis-

it must be of help in practical life, although my colleagues would consider me a heretic for that opinion—the chumps!" pensed with here.

The takum consists of a carved Turkish Pff—puff—puff—f-f! The gray to-bacco smoke twirled forth, lending a new brass tray about 14 or 18 inches in diameter odor to the atmosphere, already saturated as with the combined chemical resultant with various symbols decorating the centre and the rim folded in pie crust fashion On the tray belong the jesveh, in which the coffee is made; a spirit lamp, a collection lenses of his spectacles, peered solemnly

of sarfs, the coffee box and one spoon. The jesveh is a brass bowl with the side slanting upward until it is about the size of a eacup at the top. There is a long handle at one side put on like a stewpan handle. t comes in various sizes and they have been bought down on the lower West Side for o cents.

The sarf is the little metal receptacle which holds the china or porcelain cup shaped like an eggshell. One may pay

shaped like an eggshell. One may pay any price for these, for they are made in the cheapest metals and also in jewelled gold and silver.

The sarf is without a handle and those who are unfamiliar with the etiquette of Turkish coffee drinking are puzzled at first to know whether to lift sarf and all when they drink. The real Turkish way is to lift only the china bowl. The sarf is merely a stand in which to let it rest when not in the. two of his patients failed to assimilate their nutriment. As I do in all such cases "Two unhappy women, young and fair presumably, for I never met the ladies. Two sad stories of love. One was a wife deserted by a rapscallion husband, with-out whom-had she only thought so - she

e. The coffee box is usually oblong, of plain

The coffee box is usually oblong, of plain or carved brass, about the size of a cigarette box containing a hundred cigarettes. There is a partition through the centre crosswise to divide it into places for the pulverized coffee and the powdered suger.

You put into the jesveh a small teaspoonful of coffee and one of sugar for each oup and pour over this enough cold water to fill the cups, allowing for the boiling away. For the first few times you will get the proportions all wrong, but after several trials you will be able to gauge the amounts with accuracy. The delicacy and flavor of the Turkish

drink depend upon the boiling, and the Orientals believe that to get the best out of the aromatic bean it must be boiled three times. This is the difficult part of making coffee after the Turkish fashion, for each time as it boils a thick yellow cream n

time as it boils a thick yellow cream must rise to the top and remain. The cream is considered the best part of the coffee.

To make it properly the jesveh must be held over the alcohol flame to give a steady but not too intense heat, and each time that the mixture of powdered coffee and sugar comes to a boil the jesveh must be drawn from the flame quickly so that the cream which appears on the top does not boil over. As soon as the boiling has ceased then the jesveh is held over the flame again, and after a third rising of the yellow cream, which is quite thick and rich by now, the coffee is ready to be poured into the sarfs.

If perfectly made it is thick and syrupy, though not sweet enough to be cloying, and the cream will stay on the top; making it have the appearance of real cream mixed

with the coffee,
"Is it strong?" you ask. Strong with
the flavor of coffee it is, but it is not stronger
than some of the coffee served in restaur-

tranquil, only when you are happy, if you can compass happiness. That age old, "I said to the physician, says I: 'Give 'em hydrochloric acid after meals, about so

than some of the cones served in restaurants.

All the essence and aroma have been preserved. Though you may not quite likes the flavor the first time it is served to you in Turkish style, before the last sip has been swallowed you begin to realize that you have never before tasted real coffee, and the possibilities of this beverage served at other times than at breakfast and after dinner become apparent.

Since Oriental coffee has taken a hold on people over here, the Syrian quarter has been kept busy supplying takums and ordering more from home. If necessary one can manage to do without a real Turkish brass tray and use a Russian or Chinese cut-fit instead, and if it come to a pinch, tiny after dinner coffee cups can be substituted for the real Oriental kind, but the jesvels absolutely essential. broken ladies began to digest their food.

"As their bodies received nourishment some of the strain on the mind caused by he inhibition of glandular function, the bodily hydrochloric acid flowed again;

HUMOR OF LONDON CABBIES.

some of Their Remarks When the Tip is 1906 Forth coming. From Tit-Bite.

One of the strongest objections to the entre-duction of the taximeter in London was that the cabman would be deprived of any oppor-tunity to display his choice selection of lan-

guage and skill in humorous repartee.
Some of the hansom fraternity of course have no sense of humor, but the majority are decidedly facetious. Here are some examples of witty and sareastic "cabbyisms." To appreciate them properly it must be inderstood that the fare has offered a single

shilling in payment for a ride just within the two mile limit: "Are you quite sure you can spare this?" remarks the cabby with a bump of humor.

'D'ye think you'll be able to rub slong on the other nineteen till next Friday? It's goin' "H you'll take my tip, guv'nor," runs an-A storekeeper on South Broadway has a piece of stone about as large as a man's fist in which he places more confidence as a weather indicator than he does in all the weather bureaus of the country.

He brought it with him from Germany when he came to St. Louis many years ago.

other form of gentle reproach, "you'll go and see a hoculist. You 'ailed this 'bus by mis-You wants a red or green or yellow

take. You wants a red or green or yellow 'bus-black ain't in your line at all."

"Thank yer, guy'nor," says another cabby, with apparent emotion: "thank yer, kindly. Yer offer is well meant, but I couldn't go for to do it." Saying which he makes a pretence of handing the shilling back to the setonished fare. "But I can't sell him, guy"nor, an' that's a fact. Yer 'andsome hoffer'd make me rich for life: but I tell yer, I can't sell 'im."

One cabby, who was an excellent actor, on receiving his shilling burst into tears and between his loud sobs jerked out: "I'm sorry you force it on me, guv'nor, I am really. The hincome tax people'll be down on me

now.".

An excellent "cabbyism" was perpetrated in the suburbs one night. As the fare les

imself into the house he was regaled some what as follows: "Go in quietly, sir, in case the old woman wakes up and 'ears me drivin' away. She might stop the rest of yer pocket money for this extravagance."